

**CHRISTMAS
GIFT
BOOKS.**

BRADBURY, AGNEW, & Co. Ltd.,
4, 5, 15, DORSET ST., E.C.

PICTURES FROM 'PUNCH'

4 Volumes. 6/- each.

PICTURES FROM 'PUNCH'

2 Fine Double Volumes, 10/6 each.

DU MAURIER'S PICTURES

2 Volumes. 12/- each.

CHARLES KEENE'S PICTURES

1 Volume. 21/-.

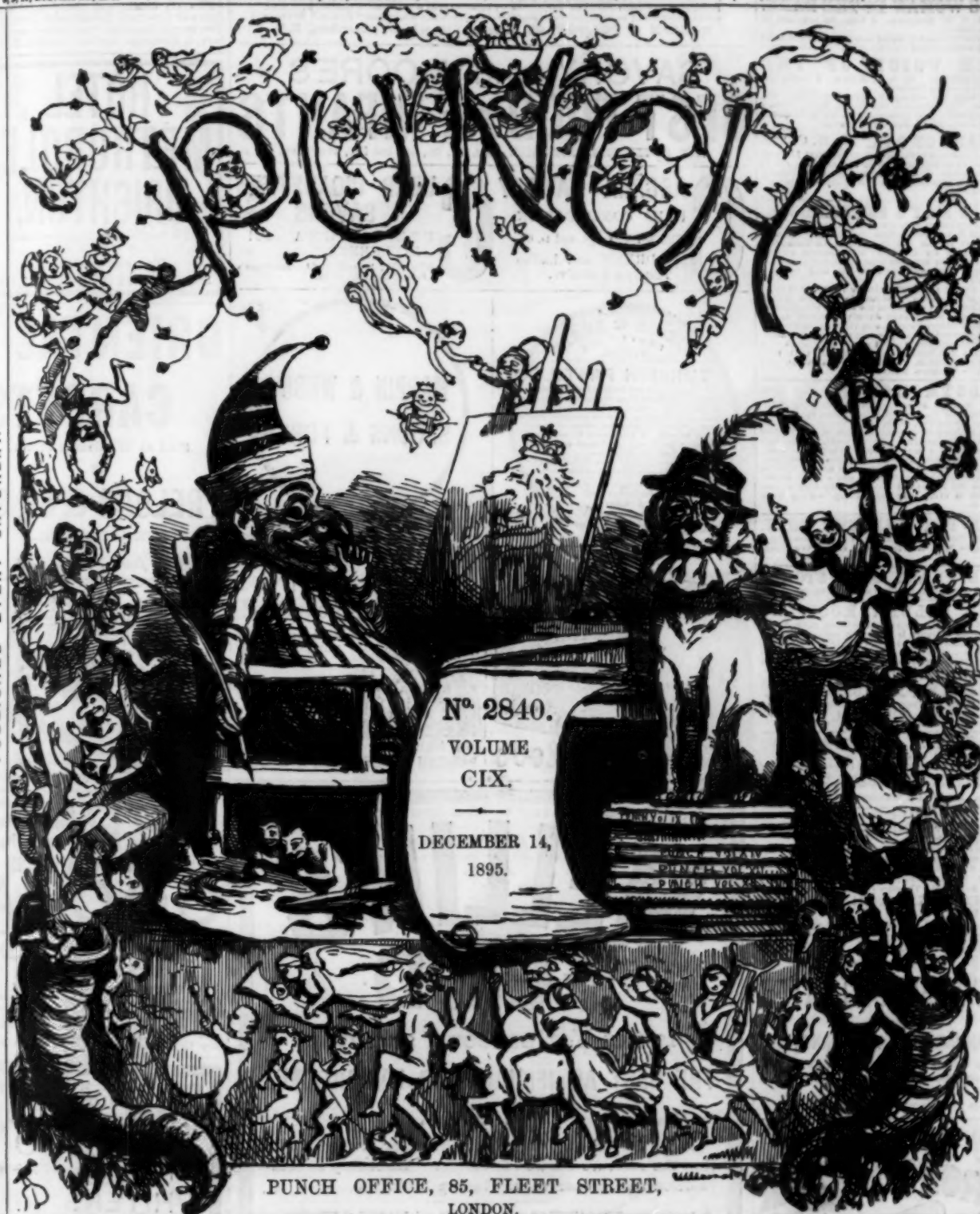
JOHN LEECH'S PICTURES

3 Volumes. 10/6 each.

PUNCH'S VICTORIAN ERA

(1000 Cartoons.) 3 Volumes. 42/-.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.



PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,
LONDON.

PRICE THREE PENCE. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

NOTICE.—Reflected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

CHOCOLAT MENIER *For Breakfast*

CHATTO & WINDUS'S NEW BOOKS.

MRS. CROKER'S NEW NOVEL,
MARRIED OR SINGLE? is
now ready, in 3 Vols., 12s. net, and at every
Library.

THE WOMAN IN THE DARK.
By F. W. BURNHAM. 3 Vols., 12s. net, and at
every Library.

"A story the plot of which is so interesting that its
verities seem almost its only fault."—*ARMADA*.

**THE VOICE OF THE
CHAMBER.** By L. T. MEARS. 3 Vols., 12s.
net, and at every Library.

"Perhaps the strongest story Mrs. Mears has
written. The subject is the eternal fight between
good and evil—good triumphing in the end against
immense odds."—*BATHON WEEKLY*.

HEART OF OAK. By W. CLARK
RUSSELL. 3 Vols., 12s. net, and at every Library.

"Worthy to take its place in the matchless roll of
his son's stories. Of living writers, Mr. Clark Russell
most nearly approaches the classic style of Defoe."
—*PUNCH*.

PHIL MAY'S SKETCH-BOOK.
Large Imperial 4to, art canvas, 10s. 6d.

"Phil May's sketch-book" contains fifty cartoons
whose art cannot fail to produce inimitable
mirth. Line for line, Mr. May secures greater
effects and more laughter than any other draughts-
man, and this collection is of his best. —*BLACK
AND WHITE*.

"To ensure a cordial welcome for this 'Sketch-
Book' of Mr. May, it suffices to say that it con-
tains a collection of some of the best of the irrever-
sible cartoons which have already delighted us all.
Their cheery humour and innocent satire will
help us to spend many a pleasant quarter of an hour.
We should commend it as the very ideal of a
Christmas gift book, did we not fear that few
having once got it, will have the courage to part
with it."—*GLASGOW HERALD*.

WESTMINSTER. By SIR
WALTER BESANT. With Etchings by F. S.
WALKER, R.P.S., and 150 Illustrations by William
Patten. Demy 8vo, cloth, 12s.

"An altogether fascinating book is Sir Walter
Besant's 'Westminster.' Paper, print, and pictures
are worthy of a text in which erudition, colour,
and literary charm are alike conspicuous."—*QUEST*.
"A good subject, a writer who knows how to
make any subject entertaining, and a great know-
ledge of the byways of historical lore form a con-
junction in every way satisfactory."—*FALL MALL
GASSETTE*.

THE FAT AND THE THIN.
By EMIL BOLA. Author of "The Downfall."
Translated by E. A. VERNER. Crown 8vo, cloth,
10s. 6d.

THE TRACK OF A STORM.
By OWEN HALL. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

THE GOLDEN ROCK. By
BENJAMIN GLANVILLE. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
"The sea romance is brilliantly related, and Mr.
Clark Russell seems at last to have a rival in his
own line. . . . Altogether, Mr. Glanville adds to
his reputation by this exciting and well-written
story."—*GLASGOW HERALD*.

**THE IMPRESSIONS OF
AUVERGNE.** Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.
"A refreshingly light and airy volume. . . .
Auvergne is delightful everywhere."—*PUNCH*.

DAGONET ABROAD. By
GEORGE R. SIMS. Crown 8vo, cloth, 12s. 6d.
"One might search the whole range of the litera-
ture of travel without finding a more entertaining
companion than Mr. G. R. Sims."—*WORTH*.
London: CHATTO & WINDUS, 214, Piccadilly, W.

NOW READY. Price 24s. net.
**FAMOUS COMPOSERS AND
THEIR WORKS.**

Four handsome 4to volumes, with over 400 full-
page and text illustrations, cloth gilt extra.
This work will charm all lovers of music.

NOW READY. Price 2s. 6d. New book by the
Author of "Timothy's Quest," entitled
**THE VILLAGE WATCH
TOWER.**

London: GAY & BIRD, 22, Bedford Street, W.C.

BEFORE ASSURING YOUR LIFE

ASK FOR THE

NEW REDUCED RATES

OF THE

STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

HEAD OFFICE: 3, George Street, Edinburgh.

LONDON: 83, King William Street, E.C., and

3, Pall Mall East, S.W.

DUBLIN: 66, Upper Beakville Street.

REAL GERMAN HOLLOW GROUND

KROPP RAZOR
NEVER REQUIRES
SHARPENING.

WARRANTED PERFECT

Black Handle, 6s. 6d. Ivory Handle, 7s. 6d. A Fair
Ivory Handle, in Russia leather case, 12s.

From all Purveyors and Dealers.

Wholesale: GOSNOLD, GARRATT, & CO., London, W.

HOME BAKING A PLEASURE—HOW?

Try it Free.

Messrs. BROWN & POLSON, of Corn Flour fame, have produced a Flour for home baking which
they have called **FAIRLEY FLOUR**, and which requires no addition of yeast or other raising
agent. For Biscuits, Tea-cakes, Pastry, &c., the new **FAIRLEY FLOUR** is entirely successful if a
little of it be mixed with ordinary flour. The peculiar advantage is that the process of raising
is greatly assisted and simplified, and there is no uncertainty or disappointment as to the result.
Bread so made is improved in flavour, and easily digested even when new. A sample, with some
useful recipes, will be sent, gratis and post free, to every reader who names "PUNCH." Write to
BROWN & POLSON, 99, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

SAVORY and MOORE'S BEST FOOD FOR INFANTS

USED IN THE ROYAL NURSERIES. Tins, 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s., everywhere.

CASCARA-HAWLEY CUREB CIGARETTES CURES CONSTIPATION. SAVARS

HEMISTS, 1s. 1½d. and 4s. 6d.

CHILDREN'S and Ladies'

Tasteless Laxative.

CURE ASTHMA and
INFLUENZA.

HEMISTS, 1s. and 2s. 6d. Savarone's
Santal Capsules, 6s. 6d.



Every Home



is
beautified
by Photographs and
Photogravures after
Celebrated
PICTURES.
Illustrated
Catalogue 1/-

133, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.
BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC CO.

MELLIN'S FOOD

is not Farinaceous, and it is
THE BEST ARTIFICIAL FOOD FOR INFANTS
FROM BIRTH.

Mellin's Food so changes the character of cow's milk,
that the mixture shows the closest relationship in com-
position and properties to Human Milk.

As ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET on the FEEDING and REARING of INFANTS.
A Practical and Simple Treatise for Mothers. Containing a large number of
Portraits of Healthy Children, together with Facsimiles of Original Testimonials,
which are of the greatest interest to all Mothers, to be had with samples, free by
post on application to
MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, STAFFORD STREET, PECKHAM, S.E.

THIRTY-GUINEA TOURS

TO PALESTINE, EGYPT, CONSTANTINOPLE
AND ATHENS, on the s.s. St. Bernina, accom-
panied by Mr. Ferowse. Lectures by Dean
Farrar, Professor Sayce, and Dr. Cunningham
Geikie. Fare includes return ticket to Man-
sesles via Calais, and thirty days' cruise.
Dates of departure, December 20, January 10,
February 21, March 30. Particulars from Secre-
tary, 6, Endsleigh Gardens, London, N.W.

HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, BRIGHTON.

"The finest and most luxurious Seaside
Hotel in the World."
Charges moderate.
Proprietors: THE CORDON HOTELS, LTD.

ORIENTAL CARPETS

Sold at Wholesale Prices
BY
TRELOAR & SONS,
LUDGATE HILL.
Ask for Price List.



EPPS'S GRATEFUL—COMFORTING COCOA

HOOPING COUGH,
CROUP.

ROCHE'S HERBAL EMERGENCE.
The celebrated effectual cure without internal
medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W. Edwards &
Sons, 187, Queen Victoria Street, London.
Sold by most Chemists. Price 4s. per bottle.
Paris—Béral, 14, Rue de la Paix.
New York—FOUGERA & Co., North William Street.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO

a pure, fragrant, non-gritty tooth
powder;

WHITENS THE TEETH,

prevents decay, and sweetens the breath.
It is most exquisitely perfumed,
and is a perfect toilet luxury for all who
value the appearance of their teeth.
2s. 9d. per box. Sold everywhere.



"BEHIND THE SCENES."

First Judge. "BREACH OF PROMISE STILL RUNNING!"

Second Judge. "GOING WONDERFULLY. NO STANDING ROOM. WHAT ARE YOU DOING!"

First Judge. "A BUILDING CONTRACT. WREYCHED BUSINESS: NOT A SOUL IN THE PLACE!"

CABBY; OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE RANK AND THE ROAD.

NO. XII.—A BALLAD OF CABMAN'S BURDENS.
(Sort o' parody-like written for "Hansom Jack"
by his young literary chum, Jerry Jowler.)

I.

THE burden of smart women! These delight
In "getting at" you in a shameful way.
They take you far from stables late at night,
They have no heart for your tired oss by day,
And bare fare is the utmost they will pay.
They'll squabble hours with you about your
hire.
To see them not, nor listen to their say,
This is the height of Cabby's heart's desire!

II.

The burden of old misses! This is sore.
A burden they, and burdens—big—they
bring.
Of these I've numbered, with one fare, a score.
A score, including that most awesome thing,
A parrot on a pole, or in a ring.
With shrieking voice, and eyelids red as fire,
To throttle that most wretched, raucous
thing,
This is the height of Cabby's heart's desire!

III.

The burden of big bundles! "Half-a-crown
For two miles and a ton? Nay, verily!"
Weights that would weigh a market-waggon
down
Old Grampus won't allow too great for thee.
Pelion on Ossa piled till you can't see
Your oss's head above the close-packed pyre!
To punch his bloomin' head for that two-d—
This is the height of Cabby's heart's desire!

IV.

The burden of three toppers! These you fear
Waking, and, sleeping, hold them still in
dread.

They, their slim gingham, and their gar-
ments queer,
All get mixed up, and heel collides with
head.

They shout, sing, smash your glass, then
sleep like lead;
At last, between them, cannot raise your hire.
To duck them in a horse-pond till half
dead,
This is the height of Cabby's heart's desire!

V.

The burden of old fozzles! These get in
Blue-funked, with instant yearning to get
out.
They spy dread danger in the gentlest spin,
Thump on the roof, and through the trap-
door shout,
With their umbrellas prod you all about,



"The burden of big bundles."

And threaten you with dim "proceedings"
dire.

To bind and gag them, stodgy, stupid, stout,
This is the height of Cabby's heart's desire!

VI.

The burden of Old Producers! *Shes* is dead,
But O her like is still the Cabman's cuss.
She haunts us like a modern Gorgon's head,
Although in sooth more like a monthly nuss.
Dread incarnation she of fudge and fuss,
Quarrelsome Billingsgate and bullying ire.
To make her turn a ghost, and haunt a 'bus,
This is the height of Cabby's heart's desire!

VII.

The burden of the bilkers! Out of sight
And out of reach—we musn't use our
hands!—
The artful dodgers best us day and night.
Sometimes as pugs, in broken-nosed big
bands,
They take us miles—and hours—from off
our stands,
And when we ask our fare fierce threatenings
To see such ruffians lagged, in distant lands,
This is the height of Cabby's heart's desire!

VIII.

The burden of bad weather! Frost, fog, dust,
Blizzards by day and blinding sleets by
night;
Lumbago that is like a bayonet thrust,
Rheumatics that like blazes burn and bite,
And gnarland knot ustill our shape's a sight,
Hunched as a camel; crooked as a lyre!
Ah! to escape—some day—to home, rest,
light!
That is each honest Cabby's heart's desire!

L'Encor.

Big-pots, and ye whom pleasure quickeneth,
"It ain't all lavender" with us coves you
hire!
To have a little rest before our death,
That is the height of Cabby's heart's desire!



SHOCKED!

H.I.M. Emperor of Russia. "WELL! I'M A BIT OF AN AUTOCRAT MYSELF; BUT HOW HIS PEOPLE CAN STAND HIM!! OH!"
 "A private University teacher has been sent to prison by the Emperor of Germany for "writing a letter in praise of a certain kind of soap."—*Daily Paper*



THE PROVERBIAL STRAW.

"HAVE A CIGARETTE?"

"THANKS—IF YOU CAN SPARE ONE. DON'T CARRY 'EM MYSELF. AFRAID OF EXTRA WRIGHT, YOU KNOW!"

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER PRODUCER'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Is it necessary that every periodical of any importance should have a Yuletide supplement?

Answer. That is certainly the impression of the Public in general, and the advertisement agents in particular.

Q. What is the chief aim of the Christmas Number?

A. To be seasonable at all costs of probability and even possibility.

Q. From a producer's point of view, what is seasonable at Christmas?

A. Snow, ice, holly, and mistletoe. Everything that is picturesque and sociable. In a word, all that will "illustrate" effectively.

Q. But is Christmas invariably made up of these ingredients?

A. As a rule, quite the contrary. Very frequently it happens that December is warmer than May, and the Yule-log better adapted to Midsummer Eve than Twelfth Night.

Q. Does this fact interfere with the success of a Christmas Number?

A. Certainly not; as these publications are invariably produced months before the nominal date of their appearance, their representation of Noel has to be accepted more as a prophecy than a record.

Q. Should the bright side of the merry season be kept to the front?

A. Unquestionably. About nine-tenths should be made up of grandpas kissing granddaughters under the mistletoe, decking the old churches with holly, drinking success to the new year in ancestral halls, and dancing with the yeomen at tenants' balls. The remaining tenth may be utilised for sketches of "Christmas at Sea," "The Dying Clown," or "Yuletide with the Man in Possession."

Q. In concocting a seasonable supplement, should the pen have precedence of the pencil?

A. No. Every author worth his salt can "write up to" a drawing, but it is not every artist in black and white who can illustrate a novel.

Q. Should there not be an extra plate?

A. Yes, in many colours. The subjects should be domestic, martial, or mysterious. For instance, one might represent "Taking Tea with Dolly," the next "The Death of Richard the Third after the Battle of Bosworth," and the last "Chevrina, or the Child of the Snow Fiend." The latter would show a diaphanous damsel

resting in a pool on a snow-capped mountain amidst icicles and moonbeams.

Q. Is this presentation plate appropriate to the customs of the season?

A. Only in the publishing trade. But being considered appropriate by this connection, its abolition would be distinctly injurious to the paper inaugurating the suspension.

Q. Is it necessary to secure local colouring that the stories should be written and the pictures drawn in December?

A. On the contrary; both are usually composed in June and completed in July.

Q. And what are the artists and writers doing at Christmas?

A. Preparing for the Summer Number.

Q. But, as a matter of fact, are not some of the Yuletide extras so mixed up that they might do equally well for either season?

A. They might, and therefore those intended for the winter should be clearly identified and brought up to date by the introduction, somewhere or other, of the time-honoured legend of "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

"PALMAM QUI MERUIT FERAT."

[The egregious Parks Committee have recently purchased £2000 worth of palms, which are now rotting away in a pit subject to occasional flooding. *St. James's Gazette, December 4.*]

THE London County Council Parks Committee
Has spent two thousand pounds to purchase palms,
Intending, doubtless, that this sooty city
Should rival Monte Carlo in its charms.

So far the only palms within this city
Were hands, that had no work, imploring alms,]]
Two thousand pounds a sensible committee
Might spend to give some work to human palms.

But no, don't think of poverty or pity,
To waste two thousand pounds can do no harm.
The palms are dying; let the Parks Committee
As champion noodles bear away the palm.



Little Guttermips (who is getting quite used to posing). "WILL YER WANT ME TER TIKK MY BUN DOWN!"

THE BALLADE OF THE SACRED SONG.

THERE is one song sacred in my esteem,
Though its words are secular—quite—in
tone,
And its music critics would scarcely deem
The work of HANDEL, or MENDELSSOHN.
Yet it is not music and words alone
That may crown a song with a halo ring,
And the one in question, I frankly own,
Is a simple ballad you used to sing!

Ah me, that quaint little sad refrain—
Have you forgotten its old-time thrill?
How it takes me back to the days again
At the grey old manor beneath the hill!—
In my waking dreams I can hear it still,
To that grey old manor my thought takes
wing,

Where I sat, and watched you, and drank my
Of the simple ballad you used to sing! [fill

That sacred ballad I'll ne'er profane—
My voice, I'm told, is distinctly bad—
And to hear it sung, save by you, again,
To my wrecked illusions one more would add.
Vain human wishes! It's rather sad—
In the street a woman in rags, poor thing,
At this moment's screeching away like mad
The simple ballad you used to sing!

All sacred things, though you guard them well,
A common touch in the dust may bring;
And, alas! a beggar has spoilt the spell
Of the simple ballad you used to sing!

CLYDE REMEDY. — "James's Powders."
Safe treatment for feverish symptoms.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

THE FOXHUNTER TO HIS LADY-LOVE.

I DREAM of thee, my darling,
When the primrose tints of dawn
Rouse the blackbird and the starling
To their breakfast on the lawn.
When I too am just awaking,
With a longing for my tea,
Oh, it's when my thirst I'm slaking
That I'm dreaming, love, of thee!

I dream of thee, my blessing,
When the razor scrapes my face,
When in "pink" and "tops" I'm dressing
For the pleasures of the chase.
When the fox has broken cover,
And the hounds stream o'er the lea,
Then, a reckless, eager lover,
Still I'm dreaming, dear, of thee!

I dream of thee, my sweetest,
When the run is done at last,
When the brush is for the fleetest,
And the pads are for the fast;
When the ruddy sun is sinking
In a grey and misty sea,
Oh, it's then of love I'm thinking,
And I'm dreaming, pet, of thee!

I dream of thee, my dearest,
When the guests are dropping in,
When the champagne's pop is clearest
'Mid the dinner-table din.
But when whist and pool are finished,
And at length sleep comes to me,
Though my love can't be diminished,
Yet I never dream of thee!

A BY-WAY OF HISTORY.

LAST Saturday, MR. EDWARD CUTLER, Q.C., wrote to the *Times* informing the public how, two years since, he had written to the Chamber of Commerce at Boulogne complaining of the quality of the refreshments served at their station, and pointing out how well he had invariably been served by the buffet at Calais after having been buffeted by the merry sea-waves. But this is an old story. Often has Mr. Punch, as Universal Traveller for Everybody, remarked how well the Calais buffet is managed; how you get everything hot and hot (if your mind is only made up beforehand as to what you are going to take), and how everything hot, or cold, is, as the bar-man, not the Q.C. who writes about the Cu-sine, but the bar-man at Monte Carlo used to say, "Of the best, of the very best!" To the much-enduring, much-suffering Ulysses, there is only one route to Paris, and that is, from Victoria, per L. C. & D., via Dover and Calais; and at Calais there is only one restoration which can restore the weary traveller, and that is at the Gare Maritime, to the mutual profit of "Q.C.," i.e., "Queer Customer," and proprietor. As CHARLES THE SECOND said to ROCHESTER, when, after landing on the coast of France, he had supped well and heartily at the small hostelry, which was the ancestor of the present Terminus hotel, "Oddfish, man! but this 'restauration' is a good omen for me!" ROCHESTER was apparently asleep, but he subsequently appropriated the joke, which was quoted as ROCHESTER's own by PEREY, and recorded as his by SIR JOSEPH MILLER, K.J., much to the King's annoyance. (Vide extract from Mr. Dick's Diary under the Be-Heading of Charles.)

LITERARY NOTE.—There is all the difference between what JAMES used to call "a literary gent" and what SIR WALTER now calls "a literary agent."

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

ON MRS. GAMP.

I YIELD to no one in my sincere admiration for Mr. A. B. WALKLEY. Week by week I watch him with delight wielding his dexterous and flashing rapier in the field of dramatic criticism. No man understands better than he, none practises with greater praise, the difficult art of literary swordsmanship in connection with the theatre. I say this to clear my conscience, for I want to have a little bout with Mr. WALKLEY.

IN last week's *Illustrated London News* appears an article on ALEXANDRE DUMAS, by Mr. WALKLEY. It is a subtle and discriminating piece of criticism. Certainly I have not the least desire to impeach its arguments or its conclusions. But—Mr. WALKLEY will forgive the "buts"; he knows their value, and their occasional necessity—I am moved to protest against one incidental sentence, which has nothing to do with the main purport of the article. "DUMAS," says Mr. WALKLEY, "at last began to see that man is as weak as woman—'as weak as flesh, if not weaker,' as the lady in *Martin Chuzzlewit* said of her husband's wooden leg."



Sairey Gamp trotted out.
Mrs. Gamp, and never call her "out of her name again."

WHY, why, I ask, should our adored Mrs. Gamp figure as "the lady in *Martin Chuzzlewit*"? Is this Mr. WALKLEY's concession to the preposterous refinement of a generation which is supposed to find the "vulgarity" of DICKENS's characters little to its taste? Are all these immortal creations to be similarly disguised? Shall we be asked to admire Captain Cuttle as "the ex-navigator in *Dombey and Son*"? Is Sam Weller to be known as "the well-known valet in the *Pickwick Papers*"? And is Mr. Peggotty to be disguised as "the Yarmouth smack-owner in *David Copperfield*"? No, no, Mr. WALKLEY, give us back Mrs. Gamp as we have always known her, that is to say, as

"SAIREY," says Mrs. Harris, in a awful way, 'tell me wot is my individdle number.' 'No, Mrs. Harris,' I says to her, 'ex-cuse me, if you please. My own,' I says, 'has fallen out of three-pair backs, and had damp door-steps settled on their lungs, and one was turned up smilin' in a bedstead, unbeknown. Therefore, Ma'am, I says, 'seek not to proticipate, but take 'em as they come and go.' 'Mine,' said Mrs. Gamp, 'mine is all gone, my dear young chick. And as to husbands, there's a wooden leg gone likewise home to its account, which in its constancy of walkin' into wine-vaults, and never comin' out again till fetched by force, was quite as weak as flesh, if not weaker.'"

THERE is the full quotation. Mr. WALKLEY knows it, of course, quite as well as I do, but I could not resist giving it. It is a pure delight merely to write it down. And one other passage, one from the many that are immortal, I am impelled to quote. Here it is:—"Which, Mr. Chuzzlewit," she said, 'is well bekknown to Mrs. Harris as has one sweet infant (though she do not wish it known) in her own family by the mother's side, kep in spirits in a bottle; and that sweet babe she see at Greenwich Fair, a travellin' in company with the pink-eyed lady, Procehan dwarf, and livin' akelinton, which judge her feelins when the barrel-organ played, and she was showed her own dear sister's child, the same not bein' expected from the outside picter, where it was painted quite contrairy in a livin' state, a many sizes larger, and performing beautiful upon the 'Arp, which never did that dear child know or do: since breathe it never did, to speak on, in this wale!'"

YES, you may rail at DICKENS as you will (this sentence, *bien entendu*, is not addressed to Mr. WALKLEY), you may declare your dislike of his exorbitant gift of easy tears, of all his stilted Tom Pinchism, with its "thou" and "thy" and its blank verse; but when you are brought face to face with such passages as those I have set forth, the master humorist resumes his throne, and all you can do, having doffed a respectful cap, is to pay him the irresistible tribute of laughter. When I think of the mawkish, dreary, decayed, problem-posing rubbish which encumbers our bookstalls, I can only thank heaven for allowing us still to revel in the generous sparkling wine of DICKENS's humour.

WE may thank heaven, too, that never shall a Mrs. Gamp or any of her kind attend one of us in an illness. From the world of nurses she has vanished. In her place comes an angel in a long veil, a

pure white collar and bands, and a dark dress—an angel of mercy and pity, with a gentle voice, who soothes our aching head, and ministers to our wants, and smiles upon us when long hours of pain and weakness have made us fretful. When I remember the perfect devotion, the simple unselfishness, the untiring care of one of these dark-robed ministers, her watchful patience by the bedside of a beloved friend, her eager zeal to anticipate his every want, to relieve his suffering, my heart goes out in deep thankfulness to the whole sisterhood.

If there be any, who still hesitate how they shall bestow their Christmas gifts, let them think of the nurses and their quiet work. Is there not a pension fund for nurses? If I knew the name and address of its secretary I would set them down here, so that some rivulet at least from the stream of Christmas benevolence might flow in that direction.

"WELL PLAYED!"

THE *Squire of Dames*, by Mr. R. C. CARTON, at the Criterion, is not what it is the fashion nowadays to style "a problem play." All plays must necessarily involve a problem; the principal problem being its success. The *Squire of Dames*, originally the *L'Ami des Femmes* of DUMAS FILS, belongs to a class of which the *Scrap of Paper* and *Delicate Ground* are well-known types, and such a play as *Still Waters* a variation. The *Squire of Dames* is not dramatically a very strong play, but quite strong enough to enjoy a good run, and to retain its popularity when other plays, more immediately striking, have lost their temporary hold on the public. The *Squire of Dames* is pleasant to see; it is interesting to follow; in morality, it keeps on the safe side, and inculcates a wholesome lesson in the cheeriest possible manner. Mr. KIROV, a gentleman with a past and a present, and most decidedly a future, who springs from nowhere, belongs to no profession, and who is as near an approach to an impertinent coxcomb as a kind of genial Sherlock-Holmes-Lavater-Paul-Pry, self-elected as the good genius of several people, can be, is a part played, as I venture to think, to perfection, by Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM, whose sole fault is his excessive laughter, which seems strained, and therefore unnatural.

MISS MARY MOORE represents the misunderstanding and misunderstood wife very sweetly; and, than Miss GRANVILLE, no one could be named as a fitter representative of the handsome, fashionable, good-hearted wife of Professor Dowle, a character inimitably impersonated by Mr. ALFRED BISHOP.

LITTLE Mr. H. DE LANGER shows what a veritable hit can be made with so small a part as is that of Lord Eustace. Mr. FRANK FENTON is simply admirable as Colonel Dennant, in whom, though little is seen of him, the real interest is centred. The two scenes, which are incontestably quite the best in the play, are, first, the genuinely touching interview between husband and wife, and no praise can exceed the merit of this performance, especially in so difficult a part as is that of Colonel Dennant in this situation,—and, secondly, the excellent love-making, husband-catching scene between the American millionairess, Zoë (what a mistake to have given her the punning surname of "Nuggetson"!), and Mr. KIROV, when the biter is bit, and the catcher caught. This is a genuine high-comedy situation, full of humour, and perfectly rendered by Miss FAY DAVIS and Mr. WYNDHAM.

What, by judicious acting, is prevented from being the thankless part of Sir Douglas Thorburn, the desperate young lover, only elevated to the height of passion in order to make his discomfiture the more ridiculous, is played by Mr. BERNARD GOULD with a rough kind of boyish impulsive thoroughness that just wins the sympathy of the audience for a youthful, unformed character in which it is not difficult to recognise great possibilities for future good. It required an artist for this part: we will not go behind the theatrical comedy-mask of "BERNARD GOULD" and reveal a name so well and so favourably known to the art-loving public, but we are sure that Mr. WYNDHAM yielded to a happy inspiration in securing his services, as whatever else he may do, there is no doubt about Mr. "BERNARD GOULD" being able to "draw."

OMISSION.—Last week the First Commissioner of Works sent "four does" to the LORD MAYOR and three to the sheriffs. The Recorder and the Remembrancer received only "one doe" a-piece. Now, as these two officials are lawyers, a Roe should have been added in each case, so as to keep up the ancient legal fiction of *Dos* and *Roe*. Pity that old customs should die out.





THE LEVEL CROSSING.

"ARE THERE NO MORE TRAINS THIS EVENING ON THE UP LINE, PORTER?" "NO, MUM."
 "AND NO MORE TRAINS ON THE DOWN LINE?" "NO, MUM." "IS THERE NO SPECIAL TRAIN?" "NO, MUM."
 "NOR AN EXCURSION TRAIN?" "NO, MUM. THE GATES ARE TO FOR THE REST OF THE EVENING."
 "YOU'RE QUITE SURE?" "YES, MUM." "THEN COME, AMELIA. WE CAN CROSS THE LINE!"

MOST INVITING.

Mr. PUNCH read the other day that "hostesses are putting forth commendable efforts to secure a sufficiency of partners for their young lady friends. Invitations are sent out months beforehand, and accompanying them are chatty and interesting letters describing the charms of the ladies who will be present, and giving other particulars which are calculated to 'snare the particular bird.'"

Now, Mr. PUNCH's "young men" are proverbially attractive, and a very little inquiry amongst them has elicited the following (amongst other) letters from their large collection. Hostesses hard up, please copy. No copyright of any kind is claimed.

I.—MATERNAL WILES.

The Cucumber Beds, Sunday, December 1, 1895.

DEAR MR. WATTABORE,—I am enclosing a card for our little dance on the 12th of May, but I couldn't resist the temptation of sending you this wee note along with it, to say how very, VERY disappointed MABEL, RUTH, GRACIE, FLORENCE, MAUD, CONNIE, BERTHA (you know my husband's little joke about our house being in the Seven Sisters' Road?) and I will be if you can't come. Now, do try to come; I promise we won't dance you too hard, and of course we shan't think it rude if you sit out half the time. Only, do come. With very kind regards, in which my daughters join,

Yours most sincerely,

LINA DIFFIE CULTY.

P.S.—You may be interested to know that charming little ETTA BILLAMILL—you remember her wonderful grey eyes—has definitely decided to come, and bring her eyes with her. Then we have a conditional promise from RACHEL LINKIN—the girl with the *Tribby* feet. MOLLIE MINK, too,—the charming young actress at the *Jollity*,—has promised ARCHIE she will look in as soon as her performance is over. She will probably wear a wonderful gown she is now having designed for her, which I'm certain you'd like. At any rate, ARCHIE has seen the design, and can talk of little else. If you would like to know any more details, pray don't hesitate to write

and ask me—I always think it's so much better to know beforehand what one has to expect.

I. D. C.

II.—GIRLISH INGENUOUSNESS.

145, The Avenue, Hornsey Rise, Monday.

MY DEAR JACK,—Mamma asks me to drop you just a line or two with the enclosed card for our Cinderella two month after next. I'm going to have such a jolly dress—white, with delightful pink frills; that will be very fetching. By the bye, isn't pink your favourite colour? I fancy when I wore it once before you said something pretty about "pink of perfection." Then we've ever so many nice other girls coming, and from what I hear of their frocks, we shall have a very stylish time. Now, you must write and say you'll come. And be sure to say if there's anything you can suggest that we ought to do or have. We're quite determined to meet our friends' wishes, and have a successful evening.

Yours ever,

AMIE T.

III.—TERTIUM QUID.

LADY SEPTIMA DYALLS presents her kindest compliments to Mr. I. O. BORNE, and in sending the accompanying invitation desires to call his attention to the fact that the supper on the night of her ball will be supplied by BUNTER'S, and that the champagne has been specially selected by Lady S. herself. Mr. BORNE may also like to know that amongst those who have already signified their intention of being present are Miss BELLA DONNA (who will wear her universally admired pearls), Miss BETTIE BENTON (to whose eyes a sonnet appeared in last week's *Asseum*), and Miss PEARL WHITE (who has only to show her teeth to display her charms). If Mr. BORNE would desire an invitation for any particular lady, Lady S. will esteem it an honour to forward an invitation if Mr. BORNE will be kind enough to send Lady S. the lady's name and address.

79, Park Palings, W.

HOW TO DEAL WITH "UNCUT BOOKS."—"Cut" them!



THE COLONIAL MATRIMONIAL AGENT.

MR. J-S-PH CH-UN-LE-X (Monger). "MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—IF YOU WILL ONLY LET ME KNOW WHAT YOU *BOTH* WANT, I WILL SEE
WHAT I CAN DO FOR YOU!"

"I am impressed with the extreme importance of securing as large a share as possible of the mutual trade of the United Kingdom and the colonies for British producers and manufacturers, &c."

Right Hon. J. Chamberlain's Dispatch on the Question of Trade with the United Kingdom.



DUDE THE DIFFUSE.

BY TOOMUCH TOO HARDY.

DUDE was in a rhapsodically enthusiastic mood. Although the weather was exceedingly foggy, he seemed to see his way along the path leading to his Uncle's, where it was his intention to call and execute a small commission. It being the end of the week, his funds were low; nevertheless, a glow of self-conceit cheered him when he thought of what he had already accomplished. After he had received that memorable, but ignominious, blow from practical Farmer PEEKHAM, he determined to give up the occupation of scaring crows, and apply himself assiduously to learning. And so far he had done satisfactorily. "I am already pretty good at the classics, Latin particularly." This was, indeed, no exaggeration of the truth, DUDE's extraordinary acquirements in that language now enabling him to think therein with far greater ease than in his native tongue. "I have translated HOMER's *Odyssey* into the Aztec; I know all the *Iliad* by heart; I have done the *Treaty of Shimonoseki* and *Ruff's Guide* into Greek lambos; SOCRATES, HERIOD, THUCYDIDES, XENOPHON, ARISTOPHANES, and PLATO are more familiar to me than my own name. No one can teach me much in modern or ancient history; I can repeat from memory any chapter of the *Decline and Fall*. As to mathematics, the intricacies of the differential calculus are plainer to me than the added result of $2 + 2$. I could tell EUCLID a thing or two were he alive. My leisure moments—if I have any—are filled in by researches into Esoteric Buddhism. But all this is nothing—the ignorance of babes and sucklings, the mere shadow of a commencement—in comparison with what I intend to accomplish. My ambition is boundless. I even aspire, some day, to fathom the hidden depths of a Meredithian epigram, and to arrive at a

FANCY PORTRAIT.



"COCKY-LECKIE!"

A "BROTH OF A BOY" FOR DUBLIN UNIVERSITY.

"Rara avis in terris Hibernicis."

Majority, 750.

correct reason for the existence of the *cacothus hilltopiendi*. The first thing, though, is to make money."

Thus musing, he entered his uncle's residence . . . and upon emerging, after the lapse of a few minutes, recommenced his reverie. As soon as he made an income of £5000 per annum, what an example he would set! He would live up to £10,000, and would give away the rest! What would he be? An eminent botanist! No, on second thoughts, botany was absurd! It had never struck him in that light before! He would draw the line at distinction as a landscape gardener!—DUDE now entered a building, and, making his way to the second floor, rang the electric bell beside a door which bore the legend "New Athens Club." He was admitted into a room full of sage-looking personages who were watching—apparently with great interest—a curious machine that stood in a corner of the apartment and gave forth sharp clicking sounds (which always reminded DUDE of his days with the "clacker"). He went up to two men, who seemed to be in authority near the odd instrument, and said "A dollar each way *Thuringia*." Presently the machine clicked more loudly; DUDE looked anxious, and someone called out "Burton, first; *Shore*, second; *Lyric*, third." DUDE sighed, and murmured, "I'll be a maker of books before I have done!"

EVEN-HANDED JUSTICE.—Frenchmen used to taunt Englishmen with "selling their wives at Smithfield." Last week, in the Divorce Court, it was proved that such a case had actually occurred; only not at Smithfield. A husband sold his wife for twenty pounds, and gave a receipt. Then the simple man sued for a divorce, which he did not obtain. So the husband, who had sold his wife, was himself sold. And "serve him right!"

HEROES AND HAT WORSHIP.

HAVE just been to CARLYLE's house. What bliss to reverently touch his table, to feelingly fondle his fender, to hug—if it were permitted—his hat-case! But joy above all other joys, what supreme happiness to gaze entranced at his old hat! Seem to remember some remarks of his about old clothes, and also about the population of this country being "mostly fools." Wonder if that includes devotees like myself. No, it cannot. This is the true Hero Worship. A bright idea strikes me. I will form a museum of such personal relics. What a noble ambition for a lifetime! Will begin at once by asking all the most shy and retiring writers of the present time to give me what must be useless to them, but invaluable to me—some old clothes. Imagine some entries in the catalogue of my future collection.

Mr. GRANT ALLEN. A pair of boots, with stout soles, useful for hilltop climbing, and for tramping underfoot anything disliked by the wearer. Worn by the great writer whilst studying art, as though it were science; science, with the light-hearted gaiety of an artist; fiction, as though it should only deal with unpleasant facts; and facts, as though most of them were pleasing fictions.

"GEORGE EGERTON." A pair of goloshes, which enabled the wearer to wade through some mud hitherto left undisturbed.

Mr. ERIC MACKAY. A blacking brush, once used for the boots of a Royal Prince, and given to him by a man employed in a royal boot-cleaning room. Inscribed by Mr. MACKAY, "My most valued treasure."

Miss MARIE CORRELL. A glove which she wore on her right hand after Royalty had shaken it, and her waste-paper basket, into which she has never thrown anything which she herself has written.

Sir EDWIN ARNOLD. A Japanese umbrella. Attached to it is a poem by Sir EDWIN; but this masterpiece is unhappily as in-

comprehensible to an Englishman, since half the words are Japanese, as it would be to a Japanese, since the remaining words are English.

The GERMAN EMPEROR. The pen with which he wrote his sermons; the pencil with which he drew his cartoons; the Manual of Harmony and Counterpoint, and the Rhyming Dictionary, which assisted him in the composition and writing of his song; his conductor's *bâton*, and a few other personal effects.

Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING. The towel which, wetted, he wrapped round his head when trying to understand some of his own recent writings.

Canon MACCOLL. A fez, presented to him by the Sultan as a slight acknowledgement of his efforts to bring discredit on the Armenians and their cause.

Unhappily, it will be impossible for me, or for anyone, to obtain the shirt-collar of SHAKESPEARE, the dress-coat of DANTE, or the high hat of HOMER. I must be satisfied with a copy of what each has written. Perhaps on the whole their writings may be as valuable and as interesting as their clothes.

REELY! REELY!

THE Scotsman says:—

The *Queen* is largely made up of contributions by ladies, including the Duchess of RUTLAND, the Countess of JESSBY, Lady JEFFERSON, Lady FAIRLIE CUNINGHAME, and Mrs. LYNN-LINTON. The other contributors embrace Sir WALTER BESANT and BRET HARTE.

This is very nice and friendly on the part of "the other contributors," and Sir WALTER BESANT and Mr. BRET HARTE are possibly to be envied. But sisterly amenities of this kind should not be talked about. As Mr. Vincent Crummies used to say, "it is really astonishing how these things get into the papers."



Auntie. "WELL, EFFIE, DID YOU ENJOY YOUR PARTY LAST NIGHT?"

Effie. "VERY MUCH, THANK YOU, AUNTIE."

Auntie. "AND I SUPPOSE MAMMA WAS THERE TO LOOK AFTER YOU!"

Effie. "OH NO! MAMMA AND I DON'T BELONG TO THE SAME SET!"

THE HOT-WATER BOTTEL.

A Song of Sensible Senility.

"Our medical advisers say that they see no harm in keeping our feet warm at night in cold weather. A medical journal has absolutely gone so far as to recommend the use of the bed-bottle."—James Payn in "Our Note-Book."

AIR—"The Leather Bottel."

WHEN I survey the world around,
The chills and colds that do abound;
The cramps that wrack the aged limb,
Rheumatics stern, lumbago grim;
Why, let young fools say what they can,
Comfort is good for an elderly man;
So I wish him joy, where'er he dwell,
Who first found out the Hot-Water Bottel!

When blood runs slow in its aged channel,
A nice warm bottle well wrapt in flannel,
Corked tight, in case of a slip or a spill,
Will keep old toes from getting too chill.
It is better far than a warming-pan,
Or a night-cup (of grog) for an elderly man;
So I hope he's cosy, where'er he dwell,
Who first found out the Hot-Water Bottel!

O, what do you say to the prig who mocks
The eider-down quilt or the warm wool socks,
With which an old buffer will cosset his skin,
To keep out colds that none come in?
Well, they may be as wise as old ARISTOTLE,
But they won't rob me of my nightly bottle.

And I only hope they may—not sleep well,
Who turn up their nose at my Water Bottel!

When a chap grows old, as most all chaps will,
His blood creeps slow, and his feet get chill.

He can't, like a whale, put on more blubber,
So he turns to brown-ware, or to india-rubber.
And then he'll find, if he'd fain be warm,
A warm-water bottle will do him no harm.
So I wish him sense—'twill repay him well—
To try, like me, a Hot-Water Bottel!

PUNCH TO "LOUISA PYNE."

(An English Song for an English Singer.)

[A public appeal is made on behalf of Madame BODDA-PYNE, formerly LOUISA PYNE, who, during a long professional career of 58 years, contributed largely to the pleasure of the British public by her great talents and beautiful gift of song. . . . She did much for English music—in fact, she may be called the foundress of English Opera. . . . She is now 67 years old—a widow, childless, and in failing health. Money losses, caused by no imprudence, now render assistance very useful. Lady THOMPSON will gladly receive donations if addressed to her at 35, Wimpole Street, W.—*The Times*.]

SWEET-VOICED LOUISA PYNE—dashing HARRISON—the popularisation of BALFE's melodious operas—ah! these be pleasant memories for the middle-aged! What old fogey of fifty or thereabout forgets, or desires to forget, the PYNE-and-HARRISON Company, and especially popular "LOUISA PYNE," as an ordinary public loved to call her, *tout court*, who did so much to encourage that "native music" she sang so well, but which had not then so many "fine friends," as it has now? Mr. Punch pauses for a reply. None in the negative! Then now's your time, ye grateful middle-aged music-lovers, to "remember," in an active and practical way, the well-loved lady who so often charmed your youthful ears, and should now charm a generous tribute out of your elderly pockets, plumper now, probably, than in those happy, if scarce opulent, hours.

Madame BODDA-PYNE, to whom MICHAEL BALFE, the musical Hibernian genius owed so much, "began her career" (we are told) "at nine years of age, from which date she contributed to the maintenance of her parents, and educated younger members of her family." And now—Oh! inspired by the name of PYNE, by music and pleasant memories, Mr. Punch finds himself, like Mr. Wegg, only less woodenly and unsympathetically he hopes, "dropping into verse," and putting his earnest appeal into Balfe-like song. He can imagine her who was "LOUISA PYNE," singing, in her modest heart, if not with her melodious lips, words provided for her by Mr. Punch, be it understood, in this wise:—

When other lips from other hearts
Their tale of music tell,
And play and pipe, in modern parts,
And pipe and play so well;
There may, perhaps, in such a scene
Soft recollections be,
Of days that have as merry been,
And they'll remember me!

Now coldness or conceit might alight
The songs men used to prize,
Yet memories sweet may quicken light
In other age-dimmed eyes.
Alone, to-day, I ply life's task,
Once friends would flock to see,
In this sad moment I'd but ask
That they'll remember me!

And Mr. Punch hopes—and believes—they will.

IN CAMERA.—The case, *Turkey v. Armenia*, is a truly terrible one, almost too horrible for full publicity. But the way in which it has been tried at last, "in camera" (see those hideous, convicting photographs in the *Graphic*), seems as conclusive as universally convincing. The sun, as eye-witness, cannot be doubted.

THE REAL SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

(A Dialogue suggested by Facts and Figures.)

Representative of the London School Board. Now, my lad, that you have passed the highest possible standard, we are going to spend a bit more upon completing your education. You have learned Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, and Early Egyptain?

Promising Pupil. Please, Sir, I have been taught them.

Repr. And you have learned mixed mathematics?

Prom. P. Please, Sir, I have been taught them.

Repr. And you have learned geology and the other "ologies"?

Prom. P. Please, Sir, I have been taught them.

Repr. And you have learned dancing, painting, drawing, sculpturing, use of the globes, SHAKE-SPEARE, and the musical glasses?

Prom. P. Please, Sir, I have been taught them.

Repr. And you have learned all things that were not necessary for your father, and all things that will be unnecessary for your son to learn if you have one?

Prom. P. Please, Sir, I have been taught them.

Repr. That's right. And now, can you think of anything else we can squander money upon, as we are determined to finish your education?

Prom. P. Please, Sir, I should like to learn how to spell "dog" correctly, and to add two to two with the prospect of arriving at the correct total.

[Scene closes in upon the Rate-payers, with the prospect of something like one and two-pence in the pound looming in the immediate future!]



AN EYE FOR PROPORTION.

She. "OH, MR. JONES—THOSE TWO LOVELY POEMS OF YOURS IN THIS WEEK'S—A—A—"

He (a poetical star of the seventh magnitude). "YOU MEAN MY TWO SONNETS, IN THE WEEKLY SUNDAY?"

She. "YES. HOW EXQUISITE THEY BOTH ARE!"

He (much pleased). "AND WHICH DID YOU LIKE BEST?"

She. "OH—THE LONGER ONE!"

CHRISTMAS EXAM.

(Our own Schoolboy, Master Muddler, takes the Prize.)

Question. What is QUEEN ANNE'S Bounty?

Answer. This bounty was started by QUEEN ANNE, and means the custom of giving £3 to any clergyman's wife who has three or more babies all at once. This is still done by our Queen, and is much thought of. Twins is commoner, and therefore don't count.

Q. What do you know about the White Ship?

A. The White Ship was founded with a Prince in the Channel, and when they told the King, he was never even seen to smile.

"Young Mother Hubbard."

(To a Lady with a Lap-dog.)

"LOVE me, love my dog!" you say, So I might, if you would let me. But I fear that on that day.

As you pet Flo, you might pet me,

And if with the same result

As upon that wretched poodle, Horror! Feminine puppy-cult. Makes dog our, and man—old food!—!

A DISTINCTION AND A DIFFERENCE.—A Wet-bob at Eton after a long pull is sure to be dry, while a Dry-bob after a long innings is invariably wet.

TRADITIONAL SAYING, WITH EXTRADITIONAL APPLICATION, AS TRANSLATED AND ADAPTED BY MESSIEURS RIBOT AND LEFEVRE.—"Ars est celare Arton."

ANOTHER SUGGESTION FOR A FRENCH IN ROYAL EXCHANGE.—Tom Tiddler's Land in South Africa, 1895.

MEETING OF FAIRY FOLK.

"The race has outgrown fairy-tales, and to use them for early educational work is practically to bring about a reversion to type. They express the ideas of a profoundly ignorant primitive man. The hero has more often than not to lie, steal, cheat, be an ingrate, to accomplish his ends."—Mr. H. HOLMAN, *Inspector of Schools in the "Educational Times."*

A MASS meeting of Fairy-tale Heroes and Heroines, was held soon after midnight, to "consider the attempt which was being made to undermine their legitimate influence with children, and to turn them out of the nursery." The moonlight was brilliant, and a very good attendance was the result.

Jack the Giant-Killer, having been voted into the chair, remarked that they had met to protest against Mr. HOLMAN's unprovoked attack on them at the College of Preceptors. Expel him from a nursery! He should like to see the man who would attempt it! (Cheers.) He had conquered bigger giants than Mr. HOLMAN ever was or ever would be.

[Loud and prolonged cheering.]

Ricquet with the Tuft (who was cordially received) said that his experience of fairies had been so favourable, that he felt bound to add his voice in support of the able remarks of the distinguished Chairman. Was it proposed to abolish them in the interests of science—(Nisses)—or of what? To enable children to study the Classics better? Why HOMER was a legendary person. (Cheers.) So he was told. He didn't know HOMER himself. (Laughter.)

The Sleeping Beauty said she was very wide awake (hear! hear!) to the injury likely to be done to her dear friends (cheers) and herself. (Applause.) She had willingly abandoned her professional engagements just for one evening on purpose to show her sympathy.



"An apology was read for the non-attendance of the Fairy and the Frog." [Cheers. Princes.]

Puss-in-Boots had been asked by the Marquis of Carabas—(cheers)—to express his regret for non-attendance. The fact was the King's daughter was just a little exacting, and he found it hard to get out at night. But he heartily agreed with the objects of the meeting.

Cinderella (who, on rising, was received with a cry of "Sit down!" supposed to proceed from her two jealous sisters) said that she had every season to be grateful to Fairies. (Cheers.) They all knew her story. Well, where could they find a better warning?—"Pish!"—yes, against stuck-up, proud, ugly females? (Laughter and cheers.) She would like to take that opportunity of explaining that she had never at any time worn actual rags, as reported—no number of sisters would have induced her to disgrace herself like that. (Sensation.) It was a second-best dress that she was wearing when— (Cries of "Order!" "Question!" "Conceit!" and uproar.)

The Invisible Prince was understood to say that he did not see why he should never be heard of, as well as never be seen. (Laughter, and cheers.)

Humpty-Dumpty confessed that he viewed the future with no uneasiness. (Cheers.) He was used to falls; and he was able to pick himself up, too—that was why the king's men never picked him up—he wouldn't let them do it, still less the king's horses. (Cheers.)

The Beast said that Beauty had asked him to attend to tell them that she considered fairy-tales were very useful in teaching them natural history. (Cheers.) He had addressed them in his old shape, but now he would take the liberty of changing into the handsome young Prince he really was. (Cries of "Bosh!" "Off!" "Go to his Egyptian Hall!")

Order having been restored, the resolution was put and carried by acclamation.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

DELIGHTFULLY breezy book is H. W. LUCY's *Log of the Tantallon Castle*, kept on board that magnificently comfortable vessel belonging to the Currie service. Commodore LUCY's log not heavy, quite portable, and having been kept out at sea, not a bit dry. The much-travelled and poly-glossical WILLIAM



EWART GLADSTONE with his book of the words in his hand, playing at hide-and-seek among the cables, ropes, and rigging of the vessel, offered a tempting subject to the buoyant artist Mr. SAMBOURNE, who took him then and there, and placed him as the frontispiece of this book, entitling the picture "Bound for the Baltic," and certainly the G. O. M. does look like it, in fact, he has rather more the appearance of being "Bound in the Baltic" than "for" it, and is in such an entanglement, and in so strait a corner, that methinks the cunning designer meant to suggest, with marvellous subtlety, the difficulties in which Mr. G. had found himself, and from which he had so recently set himself free. Is that the interpretation? "Whatever you like, my little dears," will be the cryptographer's reply, "you pays your money and you takes your choice." Then there is another Mr. GLADSTONE drawn by E. T. REED: and again is he "cornered"! 'Tis a cheery narrative, but the sea is too calm, the voyage too peaceable, the log-keeper has an easy task ('tis not even "log-rolling" on board) so calm is it; and, except in one fanciful chapter "*permissu Punchii*," it is all plain sailing and simple steaming! Why, O why was there not (imagined) a wreck? Then Mr. G. cast on desert island! Realises Home Rule. Suddenly Toby turns up. O marvellous meeting! This *Crusoe-Gladstone* builds hut: Toby builds kennel, fetches wood, keeps log. They talk o'er many things as did Robinson and Friday. Then a sail in sight appears! 'Tis the *Grantully Castle* with the *Tantallon Castle* in tow! One more castle to make "three castles," and all hips to pipe and tobacco! Bonfire signals. The *Tantallon* had not been wrecked, not a man lost! Only Mr. G., plunging into a Swedish Philosophical work, had suddenly got out of his depth, no dictionary at hand to save him, and so had fallen overboard and been washed ashore, followed by ever-faithful Toby. In consequence of Mr. G.'s secluded hide-and-seek habits on board, loss only discovered when trumpet sounded for "all in to dress for dinner."

"How did you reach the shore?" inquires Sir DONALD currie-ously. "How?" replies the Ancient Mariner, gaily. "Why—by Toby's barque!" Avast heaving, messmates! All hands and legs for a hornpipe, and so merrily to bye-bye. The Baron must add that this log (an excellent companion for a Christmas fireside) is to be purchased at the stores of SAMPESON LOW & Co.

A Promising Pupil of the Baron reports to his revered master that *A Lover of the Day*, by ANNIE THOMAS (Mrs. PENDER CUDLIP), is an exceedingly interesting and well-written novel. The Promising Pupil has had a real good time with it. He says that he considers that the sketch of a suburban ménage, with which the story opens, is capital, or, as latter-day critics would describe it, "thoroughly convincing." The studies of character are also of excellent quality. It may be fairly acknowledged that all ends happily, for even the reader will be satisfied. The book is well worth including in "the library list," and the Baron's Pupil congratulates the talented authoress upon having added another item to the long list of her successes.



Who is for Ghost Stories, all gathered about the glowing fire, with just enough light for some one to read them out aloud, the Shadows coming out of the dark corners, and hovering over you, intent on listening to what will make them thrill with goblin-like delight, and cause you to huddle closer together in fearful enjoyment? To such, if any there be in these matter-of-fact days, I say, get *The Shadow on the Blind*, and other Stories, written by Mrs. ALFRED BALDWIN, and published in one volume by DENT & Co., a name hitherto associated in most minds with gloves. Just the book for winter time, "When the lights burn low, And the Whisp'ring Shadows softly come and go"—*vide* old song, and trust the recommendation of one who will not be with you probably after Christmas, but who will, even when retired from the Book-keeping Business, be Ever yours, THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

THE IDEAL AND THE REAL.

The Ideal. See Advertisement.

The Real. As Fact.

FINE spacious mansion house to let, in first-class repair.

Plainly, but comfortably furnished.

Within easy distance of rail.

Finely situated. Magnificent scenery, splendid views. Sanitary arrangements perfect. Good society in neighbourhood. A little shooting may be had.

Also fishing.

Hunting in the winter. Rent extremely moderate to a careful tenant.

A MISERABLE tumble-down, ramshackle building, which its landlord, unable himself any longer to occupy, will charitably let to some unsophisticated member of an inquiring public.

No decent furniture; carpets in holes.

Ten miles from anywhere on the Little Peddlington Railway. Trains once or twice daily. None on Sundays.

In a hole by a swamp. Three acres of mildewy meadow, and view of asthmatic cow.

A pigstye under your nose. Doctor and wife (ten miles off).

At clay pigeons; poachers bag whatever game there may be.

If you wait until Sanitary Authorities purge stream (five miles away).

Nearest meet fifteen miles off.

In any case about double the value of the property.

STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT.—In the *St. James's Gazette* last Friday appeared the heading to a paragraph, "*Letter-boxes attached to Lamp-posts*." The "*Loves of the Triangles*" are nothing to this. If the attachment is real, and not sentimental, then why shouldn't the POSTMASTER-GENERAL say, "Bless you, my children! Be united! Be happy!"

LATEST FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.—The favourite air at the European concert:—"Songs without Deeds."

MOTTO FOR REPUBLICAN AMERICA.—"*Mon Ros est Mon Roi!*"



NURSERY SCHOOL EXAMINATION.

In reference to the new "preliminary" examination just instituted by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, a periodical says,—"*Henceforth the Universities are prepared to confer 'honours' upon little children of twelve; only the nursery remains unvisited.*"

The writer is evidently misinformed. A scheme for the examination of children within this domain has already been drawn up. Subjoined are some of the Regulations for Candidates, and a specimen of one of the question papers prepared by the Examiner:—

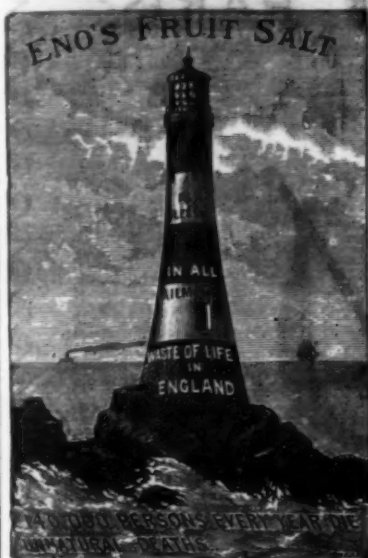
REGULATIONS.

1. No candidate admitted over five or under two years of age.
2. The examination will necessarily be *circa voce*, as few if any of the candidates are likely to know at which end to hold a pen.
3. No candidate will be permitted to enter his, or her, name, unless he, or she, can furnish satisfactory proof that he, or she, can talk. In any case it will be advisable for candidates to bring with them a nurse, or other responsible person, who can understand them.
4. Candidates are cautioned against the dangerous habit of placing anything they may see in the examination room in their mouths; the introduction of feeding-bottles, rattles, woolly sheep, or other articles likely to distract the attention of candidates, is strictly prohibited.

PAPER.

1. Give the literary equivalents of bow-wow, ta-ta, gee-gee, pitty ickle tootsams.
2. Describe the best method, in your opinion, of going down stairs. (Candidates will be required to give later a practical illustration of their acquaintance with this subject.)
3. State the number of fingers you have on each hand.
4. What is your real name? are you ever called anything else? if so, state why.
5. Pronounce BOB, CAT, DOG.

IF IT BE POSSIBLE, AS MUCH AS IN YOU LIES, STUDY
TO LIVE AT PEACE WITH ALL MEN.



WAR!

O world!
O men! what are ye, and our best designs,
That we must work by crime to punish crime,
And slay, as if death had but this one gate?—BYRON.

WHAT IS MORE TERRIBLE THAN WAR?

OUTRAGED NATURE. She kills and kills, and is never tired of killing, till she has taught man the terrible lesson he is so slow to learn—that Nature is only conquered by obeying her. For the means of prevention, and for preserving health by natural means, use ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Its simple but natural action removes all impurities, thus preserving and restoring health. If its great value in keeping the body in health were universally known, no family would be without it.

THE HOME RULE PROBLEM.—In the political world, Home Rule means negotiable ballast. "In the sanitary world, it means, in the whole Metropolis upwards of 50,000 lives are still yearly sacrificed; and, in the whole of the United Kingdom, upwards of 100,000 fall victims to gross causes which are preventable. . . . England pays not less than £24,000,000 per annum—that is to say, about three times the amount of poor rates—in consequence of those diseases which the science of Hygiene teaches how to avoid, and which may be prevented."—CHADWICK. **PASS IT BY IF YOU LIKE, BUT IT IS TRUE!**

WHAT MIND CAN GRASP THE LOSS TO MANKIND AND THE MISERY ENTAILED THAT THESE FIGURES REVEAL?—What dashes to the earth so many hopes, breaks so many sweet alliances, blinks so many suspicious enterprises, an untimely death!—to say nothing of the immense increase of rates and taxes arising from the loss of the breadwinners of families.

EXCITEMENT, FEVERISH COLDS, WITH HIGH TEMPERATURE AND QUICK PULSE, SCARLET FEVER, PYÆMIA, ERYSIPELAS, MEASLES, CANCRENE, AND ALMOST EVERY MENTIONABLE DISEASE.

"I have been a nurse for ten years, and have nursed cases of scarlet fever, pyæmia, erysipelas, measles, gangrene, cancer, and almost every mentionable disease. During the whole time I have not been ill myself for a single day, and this I attribute in a great measure to the use of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' which has kept my blood in a pure state. I recommend it to all my patients during convalescence. Its value as a means of health cannot be over-estimated."—A PROFESSIONAL NURSE, April 21, 1894.

"EGYPT, CAIRO.—Since my arrival in Egypt in August last, I have on three occasions been attacked by fever: on the first occasion I lay in hospital six weeks. The last attacks have been completely repulsed in a short time by the use of your valuable 'FRUIT SALT,' to which I owe my present health at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of duty. —Believe me, Sir, gratefully yours, A CORPORAL, 19th Hussars.—Mr. J. C. Eno."

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' assists the functions of the LIVER, BOWELS, SKIN, and KIDNEYS by Natural Means; thus the blood is freed from POISONOUS or other HURTFUL MATTERS. The Foundation and GREAT DANGER OF CHILLS, FEVERS, BLOOD POISONS, WORRY, &c. It is impossible to overstate its great value. THERE IS NO DOUBT that, where it has been taken in the earliest stage of a disease, it has in innumerable instances prevented a severe illness. Without such a simple precaution the JEOPARDY OF LIFE IS IMMENSELY INCREASED.

Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.

Prepared only at ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

Of the highest class, without any of the usual added sugar and alcohol. Of all leading Hotels, Clubs, and Restaurants throughout the World. Sole Consignees—HART & COLLINGSWOOD, 24, Leadenhall St., London, E.C.

LAURENT-PERRIER "SANS-SUCRE" CHAMPAGNE.

Wholesale Dépôt for Germany:—Aug. Engel, Wiesbaden. France:—31, Rue de Champagne (Entrepôt), and 16, Rue St. Augustin. Austria-Hungary:—Spanische Weinhandlung Vinader, Vienna.

OF ALL DEALERS.

Martell's

"Three Star"

Brandy.

BOTTLED IN COGNAC.

COLT'S NEW
DOUBLE-
ACTION 32 CAL.
POCKET REVOLVER



with ejector and solid frame, is the latest and best pocket revolver made. It surpasses all others. Price list free. COLT'S FIREARMS CO., 36, Glasshouse Street, Finsbury Circus, London, W.

ASK YOUR
Grocer & Wine Merchant
FOR THE FAMOUS

"BOS"
WHISKY

PEPPERSON & CO. LEITH & LONDON

MELLIN'S FOOD BISCUITS.

DIGESTIVE. NOURISHING. SUSTAINING.

For Children after Weaning, the Aged, Dyspeptic, and for all who require a Simple, Nutritious and Sustaining Food.

Price 2s. per Tin.

Samples post free from Mellin's Food Works, Peckham, S.E.

GOLDEN BRONZE HAIR.

The lovely nuance "Châtain Foncé" can be imparted to hair of any colour by using **ERINE**, sold only by W. WINTER, 473, Oxford St., London. Price 6d., 10s. 6d., 21s. For tinting grey or faded hair **ERINE** is invaluable.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

FOR ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION. Sold throughout the World.

LAZENBY'S HARVEY'S SAUCE

PREPARED FROM
THE ORIGINAL RECIPE
BEARS THE WELL KNOWN LABEL

Signed *Elizabeth Lazenby*

LAZENBY'S PICKLES
LAZENBY'S SOUPS
LAZENBY'S SOUP SQUARES
LAZENBY'S TABLE JELLIES
LAZENBY'S POTTED MEATS
LAZENBY'S BAKING POWDER

THE

BORDER BLEND

WHISKY.

40/-, 44/-, 52/- Not Cash. Delivered Free. Bottles and cases included, also in 6 and 9 gall casks. A blend of the very finest old Highland malts of great age, matured in sherry casks. Soft and delicate in flavour.

HOPE & BENDLE,

19, Regent Street, Pall Mall, London, S.W.;
Cardiff and Glasgow.



BORWICK'S
POWDER

The best
Baking
Powder
in the
World.

THE MODERN "JUDGMENT OF PARIS."

(PARIS EXHIBITION, 1889.)

Pears

THE ONLY GOLD MEDAL

ever awarded solely for Toilet Soap at any International Exhibition
in the world.



TWENTY HIGHEST AWARDS

representing the consensus of opinion of more than 100 Analysts
and Soapmakers, the chief experts of the world.

N.B.—Every Tablet of Pears' Soap is kept at least Twelve Months before it is sold. This can be said of no other Soap in the world, and good soap, like good wine, improves with age. You may keep Pears' Soap for twenty years in any climate, and it will never shrink. Every tablet will retain its original shape, and every ball remain a perfect sphere—proof positive that there is no shrinkage, and that they are old and well-matured.